

## City Intelligence.

**THE WEATHER.**—The weather, yesterday, was still  
 than on Wednesday, and it was comparatively a  
 less day we have had during the season. We received  
 7.9 inches of rain, at the station, and in our old-fashioned  
 it will be seen that at three o'clock it was two and a  
 higher in the latter.

**THE THERMOMETER, JULY 22 AT KANSAS C.**

11 o'clock A. M.	89°
3 o'clock P. M.	87°
8 o'clock P. M.	75°

6 o'clock, P.M. —  
6 o'clock, P.M. —  
HERMOMETER, JULY 22, IN EDITORIAL ROOM, NEWS  
BUILDING.  
GOOD.....  
6 o'clock P.M. 94  
6 o'clock P.M. 94  
Fe are informed that many military pleasure and  
excursions are postponed in consequence of the  
rebat.  
EXTENSIVE FIRE—A very alarming fire occurred  
yesterday past four o'clock yesterday evening, in the

of H. Havens & Co. 120 Elm street near the corner of Canal street. It was first observed by some work upon the premises, but it spread so rapidly on the entire building, that they cannot exactly say how long it has been so originated. The heavy stock piled under the docks looks poor, the money in the establishment are lost. Notwithstanding the efforts of many fire companies, the entire walls of the building except a portion of the southwestern side, fell in in less than an hour. The intense heat and sparks set fire to a building opposite known as the Jewish Synagogue. It would have been burned also had not some of the men rushed into the wooden turret upon the roof.

cut away the burning portion with axes, whilst the men played upon the building. The loss is estimated to the distillery but the property around was damaged by water. The French Catholic Church on Canal street had a narrow escape, the rear being saved several times. The amount of loss is not yet known. The building is insured. The portions of the main district were upon the spot, and were in previous property and a large number were lost. At half past seven the place was in ruin, and in charge of officers of the Fourteenth district.

The steam rower was a noble boat usually frequented by sailing boats and pleasure yachts, from the Ellysian Fields, Hoboken, between the Hudson and the river. It was owned by James Waldron and Hugh Burns, familiar to the people of the city. It was rowed down upon the water by the *couquiquet* of "Kappahs." The steam rower was \$200, in seventeen feet long, and it was rowed by the "Queen Pomaro," a "Hudson" boat. "The Consul," the former of which was rowed by the "Hudson" boat, was pulled up the river, after pulling a distance of five miles. Just as the boat was coming in a large crowd collected on the shore, and the boat was pulled up to the pier used of the pier used for the landing of the Hoboken boat, and it being unable to sustain the immense crowd, it was pulled up the pier, and it was pulled upon it, one side of it gave way precipitating

**THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE IN MONTREAL.**—Messrs. Brothers & Co. contributed five hundred dollars; Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co., two hundred and fifty dollars, for the relief of the poor sufferers by the great fire in Montreal.

1,000 pounds more if their bail had not given out. He says that pea beans are more plenty than they have been for twenty years' past.

**DIAPYRAN INSANITY.**—Officer Connor of the Fifth Precinct succeeded, after some difficulty, in arresting Joseph McCarthy at 75 Washington street, at half past twelve yesterday morning. The attention of the officer was attracted by a great noise in the house, and, after forcing the door open, he found McCarthy in a highly excited state, armed with an axe and large shingle, and attempting to burn the clothes of his children. He was taken to the Police Court.

**THE SUDDEN DEATH IN BROADWAY.**—At the inquest yesterday it appeared that the death of Spencer Grandall, which resulted from the rupture of a blood vessel. It was recollected that Mr. Grandall died in the saloon car of Broadway and Walker street. He was a member of the Troy Citizens Corps.

**INQUIRY.**—An inquest was held yesterday, at the Jacobus street ferry, upon the body of an unknown man who had apparently jumped into the water on Wednesday, and was drowned, notwithstanding every effort to rescue him.

**The Watering Places.**

OUR CAPE MAY CORRESPONDENCE.  
CAPE MAY, July 17, 1852.  
*The Hotels—The Quakers, &c.*  
This delightful and fashionable resort is now  
full course of the season, and probably has  
a population of six or seven thousand. The  
May steamers leave Philadelphia every morn-  
ing at half-past eight; and during the warm weather  
of the past few days, they have gone freighted with

health seeking and pleasure-seeking citizens of this now sultry city of Penn., to which, indeed, the city seems attached as a distant and luxurious suburb.

Nothing of the kind can be imagined more agreeable than the excursion, if only the day is brilliant and quiet; so let us step upon the staunch opposition steamer Thomas Powell, on the day of this decision, and make the trip. There is an air of romance and mystery about the trip, and the

And gaily about me white party; an  
 ingly large crowd stand upon the wharf, with  
 ingly pleased expression that so many of th  
 ds darting up the river, gaily salute the p  
 ulwarks with their bells—their passengers lean  
 ulwarks to greet us. Our passengers appea  
 mainly from the Quaker city. Here are fam  
 and circles of friends enjoying their convers  
 —trim damsels are pacing the deck in couple  
 children and their nurses are eating candy  
 about—old people are looking sage

and, or having their quiet talk—and the solitary traveller, like myself, is drinking in the new happiness that appears before him. Moreover, we are running along the bright water of the noble Delaware, and pass the Roger Williams regular line. The shores separate on either side, until the river opens into the broad and glistening bay, and we lose sight of land. We pass through fleets of vessels, and a little before we come to the dock at the Cape. There were many wharves, but one of them was partly ca-

away a few days since by the boat. But slowly, and the few people who on it escaped by running. Had they been numerous, we might have had a repetition of Staten Island accident. The road which connects the landing to Cape Island—an island which is made such a channel of not more than six miles—is a new one, three or up, I believe, since the season, and has three toll gates within a mile and a half. Of the simonisties of the old road, you have an idea when you learn that the new road, *yes*,

Early all the hotels are well filled. Our boats are crissed down three hundred and forty passenger-carrying boats. I added to the number of guests; but on the other hand, the boats are also pretty well loaded, carry one or two hundred each to business and homes. The city of Cape May comprises little indeed but hotels, and the buildings accompanying them, as ten pin alleys, billiard saloons, &c. The houses are structures, built only for use during the season, of two months, and, indeed, have such a transient appearance that one is surprised that

roofs are not taken off by the gales in winter as the season is, they appear prosperous, and one is in process of erection, and I believe to open in part, which, for size, situation, and order will perhaps surpass either of the others. The Ocean House is mostly appropriated by junkers. One is surprised to see how they predominate at this celebrated resort. Not a few are in the broad drab coat, or the peculiar bonnet which characterizes the sect. And among the young people—even among the gayest—you have them

the favorite Mansion House, with its spacious room and dining hall, is having its share of patronage, as usual. Opposite is the Centre House, a late family resort, with airy rooms, an excellent table and accomplished waiters. Mr. Van Hook, the superintendent, is anxious to make one of his guests happy.

The Cape is a fine place for children, and of these

are enough. The little ones chase each other and gambol all about the grounds and the veranda of the hotels, and their innocent mirth adds the pleasure of the place. Newport and Saratoga may be more splendid and stylish, but give me this place where families are enjoying, without restraint, the luxury of the country and the sea. But as rustic as the place is, compared with some other famous resorts, it looks civilised enough; for, at five o'clock, when the bathers are out of the water, the surf rolls in moderately.

For the most part, the people who come to the beach are not swimmers over merry crowds, dressed in all imaginable guises, only alike in looking forlorn. What not our ladies set an example at Cape May in elegant bathing dress. I have seen but one that is that tolerable.

For most every night we have a hop at one or other of the best houses. They are sociable, and free to the public, and fine music is furnished by the well known red band, which has long quartered here.

This place is easily reached from New York by the steamers, and everything invites from the bay.